*Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, ſolus.*

NOW is the winter of diſcontent,
Made glorious ſommer by this Sonne of *Yorke*:
And all the cloudes that lowr'd vpon our houſe,
In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for monuments.
Our ſterne alarums chang'd to merrie meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delight full pleaſures.
Grim-viſagde war, hath ſmoothd his wrinckled front,
And now in ſtead of mounting barbed ſteedes,
To fright the ſoules of fearefull aduerſaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the laſciuious pleaſing of a loue.
But I that am not ſharpe of ſportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking Glaſſe:
I that am rudely ſtampt, and want loues Maieſtie,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling Nature,
Deform'd, vnfiniſht, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in the Sunne,
And deſcant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore ſince I cannot proue a louer,
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken daies,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe daies:
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous,